

Jeffersonian Democrat.

VOL. XVI, NO. 12.

CHARDON, GEauga COUNTY, OHIO, FRIDAY, MARCH 17, 1865.

WHOLE NO. 792.

The Jeffersonian Democrat

IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING AT
CHARDON, GEauga COUNTY, OHIO.
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780y1

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If you want an Improved Copy of your Beau-
tiful "Phiz," call at the Excelsior Photographic
Rooms, over the Clothing Store of L. J. Randall.
The Proprietor has lately purchased a Large-sized
Instrument, and would say to the public that he
is now prepared to make

Large Photographs.

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Frames kept constantly on hand. No effort will
be spared to ensure satisfaction, and to make
this Gallery the Excelsior of Geauga County.
Please call and test it.
783tf **GEO. W. C. HURLBUTT.**

DENTISTRY.

THE undersigned, having permanently located
at Chardon, for the purpose of operating at
his profession, would say to his friends and the
public, that he is now prepared to attend to the
wants of all in need of anything in his line of
business. All Work WARRANTED.
Office, over Murray & Canfield's Bank. Resi-
dence one door south of L. J. Randall's dwell-
ing. **E. B. RICHARDSON.**
Chardon, Dec. 4th, 1863. 785tf

From the Independent. LAUS DEO!

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

On hearing the bells ring for the Constitu-
tional Amendment Abolishing Slavery in
the United States.

It is done!
Clang of bell and roar of gun
Send the tidings up and down;
How the bellies rock and reel,
How the great guns, peal on peal,
Fling the joy from town to town!

Ring, O bells!
Every stroke exulting tells
Of the burial-hour of crime.
Loud and long, that all may hear,
Ring for every listening ear
Of Eternity and Time!

Let us kneel:
God's own voice is in that peal,
And this spot is holy ground.
Lord forgive us. What are we,
That our eyes this glory see,
That our ears have heard the sound!

For the Lord
On the whirlwind is abroad;
In the earthquake He has spoken:
He has smitten with His thunder
The iron walls asunder,
And the gates of brass are broken!

Loud and long
Lift the old exulting song,
Sing with Miriam by the sea:
He has cast the mighty down,
Horse and rider sink and drown;
He has triumphed gloriously!

Did we dare
In our agony of prayer
Ask for more than he has done?
When was over His right hand
Over any time or land
Stretched as now beneath the sun!

How they pale,
Ancient myth, and song, and tale,
In this wonder of our days,
When the cruel rod of war
Biosms white with righteous law,
And the wrath of man is praise!

Blotted out!
All within and all about
Shall a fresher life begin;
Freer breathe the universe
As it rolls its heavy course
On the dead and buried sin!

It is done!
In the circuit of the sun
Shall the sound thereof go forth,
It shall bid the sad rejoice,
It shall give the dumb a voice,
It shall belt with joy the earth!

Ring and swing,
Bells of joy! on morning's wing
Send the song of praise abroad;
With a sound of broken chains
Toll the nation that He reigns,
Who alone is Lord and God!

The British Nobility.

"Debrett's Peerage," for 1865 shows
that there are twenty-four dukes, thirty-
four marquises, one hundred and ninety-
seven earls, fifty-seven viscounts, and
two hundred and fifteen barons of the
United Kingdom, one hundred and seven-
teen of whom are baronets, four hundred
and thirty have been married; the remain-
ing ninety-seven still being in a state of
single blessedness; eighty have obtained
academic honors at Oxford, while fifty
have been receivers of the same from the
university; only nine peers are in Holy
Orders, two of whom are bishops, (Bath
and Wells, and Tuam, Killala, and Ach-
dary); seven hundred and forty-three of
the younger sons of peers have obtained
honors of various distinctions, have had,
or still hold government appointments, or
like nine hundred and seventy-four of
the daughters of the peers are married.—
There are only fourteen peeresses in their
own right. Last year there died four
dukes (Athole, Newcastle, and the second
and third Dukes of Cleveland), one mar-
quis (Bristol), eight earls, (Aberdeen,
Gosford, Poulett, Morley, Cadogan, Stair,
Carlisle and Clare, this last title becoming
extinct), one viscount (Sidmouth), four
barons (Ashburton, Manners, Bodney,
and Somerville), one lord bishop (Ely),
and one peeress in her own right (Ruth-
ven.)

Six Years' Changes in One Man.

Six years ago, one of the leading men
in the United States Senate, was James
Greene of Missouri. Every observer of
passing events in the political history of
our country, will remember his signal
triumph in a bad cause, during the de-
bate on the Leecompton question. He
was the only man who, by common con-
sent, got the upper hand of Douglas in
that memorable discussion, and but for
him the Southerners would have made
poor showing just then. There seemed
to be a bright future opening for him, but,
like too many others similarly situated, he
thought no man could rise in the world
of politics without passing a good deal of
time in the bar-rooms of Washington.—
To-day, as I was walking down Pennsylv-
ania avenue, I passed a wretched-looking
man, stupidly drunk, his face horribly
disfigured as if he had just emerged from
a street fight, both his eyes blacked and
swollen, his clothing covered with mud
and dirt—the cynosure of all eyes and
the laughing stock of shoe-blacks. I
asked who it was—it was "Jim Green of
Missouri!" Alas how the mighty have
fallen.—Washington Letter.

Vices are weeds that grow best in a
shallow soil.

The Three Wishes.

FROM THE FRENCH.

One day in winter a man and his wife
were sitting before the fire, amusing
themselves by talking about their neigh-
bors who were richer than they were.

"Oh," said the woman, "if I could be
the owner of all that I wish for, I should
be happier than they."
"And I also," said the man. "I wish
it was the time of the fairies, and I could
find one good enough to give me all I
wish for."

At that very moment a beautiful lady
came into their chamber, and said to
them, "I am a fairy, and I promise to
give you the three first things that you
shall wish for; but on your guard, for
after having wished three times, I shall
give you nothing." The fairy having
departed, the man and his wife were
much perplexed.

"As for me," said the woman, "if I
could have my way, I know well what I
should wish for. It seems to me that
there is nothing so good as to be beau-
tiful and rich."

"But," replied her husband, perhaps
you might be sick, or die young; it would
be more wise to wish for health and a
long life."

"And of what use is a long life if you
must always be poor?" said his wife. "It
would serve but to make you unhappy
the longer time. In truth the fairy should
have promised us a dozen of gifts, for we
have need of as many as that at least."

"That is true," said the husband;
"but let us take time and consider till to-
morrow morning, what three things are
the most necessary; then we will demand
them."

"I will think of it all night," said the
woman; "meanwhile let us warm our-
selves, for it is cold."
Then the woman took the tongs and
stirred the fire, and when she saw how
brightly it burned, and what a quantity
of coals there were, she said, without
thinking, "What a good fire! I wish
we had a good pudding for supper; we
could make it boil very easily." Scarcely
had she said these words when a large
pudding came rolling down the chimney
and lay at her feet.

"Plague upon you for a glutton, with
your pudding," said the man. "What
an absurd wish! I am so angry with you
that I wish you had the pudding stuck on
the end of your nose."

In a moment the man saw that he was
as foolish as his wife, for hardly had he
wished this second wish, when the pud-
ding leaped to the end of the poor wo-
man's nose, and stuck fast, nor was she
able to remove it.

"What a figure I am," said she. "You
are wicked to wish this pudding on the
end of my nose."

"I assure you, my dear, that I did not
think," said he, "but what shall we do?
we have one more wish, and I am going
to wish for great riches, and I will have
a gold box made for you to cover the
pudding."

"Oh, no," said the woman, "I had
rather die now, than to live with this pud-
ding on my nose. We still have a wish;
let me have it or I will throw myself out
of the window."

In saying these words, she ran and
opened the window, and her husband
who loved her, cried to her to stop, say-
ing, "my dear, I give you my permission
whatever you desire."

"Ah, well," said the woman, "I wish
that this pudding would fall to the earth."

In a moment the pudding fell from her
nose. Then said she to her husband, "I
see that the fairy was making sport of us,
and not without reason; perhaps we
should be more miserable with riches
than we are at present. Let us, my dear,
wish for nothing, but take the things it
pleases God to give us. Meanwhile, let
us sup on our pudding, since that is all
that is left of our wishes."

The husband thought that his wife
spoke reasonably, and as they supped
gaily, without troubling themselves about
the loss of the things they had intended
to wish for.

S. S.

A WONDERFUL TABLE AND WORK BOX.
—President Lincoln and his wife are to
be the recipients of a gift from the back
woods of Wisconsin, such as would grace
any palace in Europe. A German by the
name of Peter Glass, in the town of Scott,
county of Sheboygan, has been engaged
for the past nine months in making an
octagonal center table for the President,
and a work table for the President's wife.
The center table consists of 20,000 pieces
of wood, mostly of black walnut and
white holly. Nothing can be more won-
derful than the workmanship of this ta-
ble. It has required a skill and a care,
that is absolutely marvelous. It is beau-
tifully colored, being stained in the wood.
Besides various devices in the form of
flowers, birds, &c., it is ornamented with
medallion portraits of Lincoln, Johnson,
Grant and Butler. These portraits are
remarkably good, and considering that
they are made of colored wood, the skill
and beauty of the general effect is as life-
like as on canvas.

KEROSENE explosions are becoming
quite common, in consequence, it is said,
of adulterations.

Charleston Again Under the Old Flag

FIRST APPEARANCES.

The wharves looked as if they had been
deserted for half a century—broken
down, dilapidated, grass and moss peep-
ing up between the pavements, where
once the busy feet of commerce trode in-
cessantly. The ware-houses near the
river; the streets as we enter them; the
houses and the stores and the public
buildings,—we look at them and hold
our breath in utter amazement. No pen
no pencil, no tongue can do justice to the
scene. No imagination can conceive of
the utter wreck, the universal ruin, the
stupendous desolation. Ruin—ruin—ruin
—above and below; on the right hand
and the left; ruin, ruin, everywhere
and always—staring at us from every
paneless window; looking out at us from
every shell-torn wall; glaring at us from
every battered door and pillar and veran-
dah; crouching beneath our feet on every
sidewalk. Not Pompeii nor Herculane-
um, nor Thebes nor the Nile have ruins
so complete, so saddening so plaintively
eloquent, for they speak to us of an age
not ours, and long ago dead, with those
people and life and ideas we have no
sympathy whatever. But here on these
shattered wrecks of houses—built in our
own style, many of them doing credit
to the architecture of our epoch—we read
names familiar to us all; telling us of
trades and professions and commercial
institutions, which every modern city reck-
ons up by the hundred; yet dead, dead,
dead; as silent as the grave of the Phara-
ohs, as deserted as the bazaars of the mer-
chant princes of old Tyre. Whoever
among us wished to know how his spirit
would feel if he were to revisit by the
pale glimmers of the moon the ruins of his
native city after the present civilization
shall have passed away, learned it to his
complete satisfaction on the morning of
last Monday here. It was early—few
stragglers were abroad; just enough to
make the desolation the more desolate by
contrast; and the stillness, not of the Sab-
bath, but of the desert, hung heavily over
all. Hardly a building in all this part of
the city—and this the business part—has
escaped the terrible crashing and smash-
ing of the shells. And right in the center
of it, are at least, (I should judge) ten
acres of ruins, the monuments of the
great fire which occurred three years ago.
This is an open space—only blackened
walls and solitary chimneys remain in it.
And all around this area of desolation, are
the ruined houses that still stand—"Gill-
more's Town," as the negroes call it; a tri-
umphant of military skill—of the art de-
structive of all arts; a proof to the Chris-
tian that God's judgments are sure, and
that the cries of the poor are heard at The
Great Throne and avenged by the all-
Righteous Judge. They acted the men
who lived in these mansions and trafficked
in these stores and marts, as if God were
dead, as if their own will was the only
standard of right—they mocked at any
"higher law"; they sold the poor men in
their avarice and killed the good men in
their hate; when, to the people whom
they despised rose up against them and
subdued them, and the race whom they
enslaved trod their streets under the
banners and as the comrades of their con-
querors!

THE MASSACHUSETTS FIFTY-FIFTH.

On Tuesday evening, about seven o'clock,
we heard prolonged and hearty cheering in
a neighboring street. I ran in the direc-
tion indicated by the shouts, and found that
the Massachusetts Fifty-fifth (Colored) regi-
ment had just landed in the city.
John Brown's body lies a moldering in the grave.
John Brown's body lies a moldering in the grave.
His soul is marching on!

Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
We go marching on!
We'll hang Jeff Davis on a crab apple-tree,
We'll hang Jeff Davis on a crab apple-tree,
We'll hang Jeff Davis on a crab apple-tree,
As we go marching on!

Imagine, if you can, this stirring song
chantered with the most rapturous, most ex-
ultant emphasis, by a regiment of negro
troops, who had been lying in sight of
Charleston for nearly two years—as they
trod with tumultuous delight along the
streets of this pro-Slavery city,
whose soil they had just touched
for the first time—imagine them, in the dim
light of the evening, seeing on every side
groups of their own race—men, women,
maiden and little children, who greeted
them with a joy that knew no bounds save
that of physical ability to express itself
fully—imagine them, as they finished their
song of triumph, unite with equal ecstacy
in joining in that other thrilling melody:
Down with the flag!

Imagine them cheer, as only triumphant
troops can cheer, in honor of the "stars and
stripes," and "Massachusetts," and "Gov.
Andrew," and you may conceive, (albeit
very faintly,) the sublime and unequalled
scene that I had the privilege of witnessing
on Tuesday night in Charleston.
I heard a Lieutenant of the 55th, in com-
mand of Company I, give the—"Shoulder
ARMS," and in a minute afterward shook
hands with him, for he was an old acquain-
tance. Who do you think he was? The
son of William Lloyd Garrison!—Cor. N.
Y. Tribune.

In Richmond, cannon intended for Gen-
eral Early, in the Shenandoah Valley,
were directed to "Major-General Early."
Some Union sympathizers there got a
marking-pot and wrote over the address-
es, "Gen. Philip Sheridan, care of"—
much to the indignation of the rebel au-
thorities.

Contentment.

Many unhappy persons seem to im-
agine that they are always in an amphi-
theater, with the assembled world as spec-
tators; whereas, all the while they are
playing to empty benches. They fancy,
too, that they form the particular theme
of every passer-by. If, however, they
must listen to imaginary conversation
about themselves, they might at any
rate, defy the proverb, and insist upon
hearing themselves well spoken of.

The man has fallen into a pitiable state
of moral sickness, in whose eyes the
good opinion of his fellow men is the test
of merit, and their applause the principal
reward for exertion.

A habit of mistrust is the torment
of some people. It taints their love and
their friendship. They take up small
causes of offense. They require their
friends to show the same aspect to them
at all times, which is more than human
nature can do. They try experiments to
ascertain whether they are sufficiently
loved; they watch narrowly the effects of
absence, and require their friends to prove
to them that the intimacy is exactly on
the same footing as it was before. Some
persons acquire these suspicious ways
from a natural diffidence in themselves,
for which they are often loved the more;
if they could believe it. With others
these habits arise from a selfishness which
cannot be satisfied. And their endeavor
should be to uproot such a disposition not
to soothe it.

Contentment abides with truth. And
you will generally suffer for wishing to
appear other than you are; whether it be
richer, or greater, or more learned. The
mask soon becomes an instrument of tor-
ture.

Fit objects to employ the intervals of
life are among the greatest aids to con-
tentment that a man can possess. The
lives of many persons are an alternation
of the one engrossing pursuit, and a sort
of listless apathy. They are neither
grinding or doing nothing. Now to those
who are half their lives severely busy, the
remaining half is often torpid without
quiescence. A man should have some
pursuit which may be always in his power,
and to which he may turn gladly in
his hours of recreation.

And if the intellect requires thus to be
provided with perpetual objects, what
must it be with the affections? Depend
upon it, the most fatal idleness is that of
the heart. And the man who is weary of
life may be sure that he does not love his
fellow creatures as he ought.

How Diffidence was Conquered.

I suffered all the extreme agonies of
shyness for many years; and if the efforts
to which I was continually stimulated (to
think about his gaucherie, copy other
people's manners, etc.) had been in any
degree successful or had been applauded
as such, I should probably have gone on
to perfection, and remained conscious all
my life; but finding no encouragement, I
was fortunately driven to utter despair.
I then said to myself, Why should I en-
dure this torture all my life to no pur-
pose? I would bear it still if there were
any progress made, any success to be
hoped for; but since there is not, I will
die quietly without taking any more doses.
I have tried my very utmost, and find that
I must be as awkward as a bear all my
life, in spite of it. I will endeavor to
think as little about it as a bear and make
up my mind to endure what can't be
cured. From this time I struggled as
vigorously to harden myself against en-
censure as I ever had to avoid it.

I was acting more wisely than I tho't
of at the time, and I succeeded beyond
my expectations; for I not only got rid of
the personal feeling of shyness, but also
most of those faults of manner which con-
sciousness produces, and acquired at once
an easy and natural manner, careless, in-
deed in the extreme, from its originating
in a stern defiance of opinion, which I
had convinced myself must ever be
against me, rough and awkward for
smoothness and grace are quite out of my
course, and therefore giving expression
to that good-will toward men which I
really feel.—Bishop Whately.

Prim People.

There is a set of people, says Dr. Chal-
mers, whom I cannot bear—the picks of
fashionable propriety—whose every word
is precise, and whose every movement is
unexceptionable, but who though well
versed in all the categories of polite be-
havior, have not a particle of soul or of
cordiality about them. We allow that
their manners may be abundantly cor-
rected. There may be elegance in every
gesture, and gracefulness in every position
not a smile out of place, and not a step
that would not bear the severest scrutiny.
This is all very fine; but what I want is
the heart and gaiety of social intercourse
—the frankness that spreads ease and ani-
mation—the eye that speaks affability to
all, that chases timidity from every bosom,
and tells every man in the company to be
confident and happy. This is what I
conceive to be virtue of the text, and not
the sickening formality of those who walk
by rule, and would reduce the whole of
human life to a wire-bound system of pre-
cision and misery.

English Opinion of Our Generals.

The unmeasured ridicule which the Eng-
lish journals used to heap upon our Gen-
erals and soldiers no longer finds place, and
some of them, indeed, have so changed
their minds as to express a hearty admira-
tion of our military movements.

In the last Edinburgh Review, for instance,
there is an elaborate dissertation on the
"Last Campaign in America," in which the
writer gives no stinted praise to our lead-
ing Generals. Referring to the men with
which little minds used to speak of the war
in America, he says:
The year has closed upon a series of op-
erations so vast in design and so interest-
ing in detail that it may be broadly asserted
that modern warfare afforded none more
profitable as a study when viewed with due
reference to the condition of the struggle.
And the main particulars are already
made known to the world through reports,
public and private, as nearly superior in ac-
curacy and clearness to the wild extrava-
gances which filled the American journals
of three years since, as Wellington's dis-
patches to Napoleon's bulletins. The New
York weekly paper, named at the head of
this article, (the Army and the Navy Jour-
nal,) has also more honest and painstaking
information as to the current campaigns,
than the whole press, North and South, con-
tained in the days of Pope and McClellan.
The correspondence of one of the chief
Generals, Sherman, will certainly bear com-
parison with anything of its class which
modern military literature can produce,
while others are not far behind him.

Of Grant and the Vicksburg campaign,
the writer remarks incidentally:
Meanwhile, another and a surer path to
power in this great contest lay before
Sherman and his chief in the West. The
sword of victory which Grant waved over
Vicksburg was destined to win him triumph
before the year should close, and to give
him the unchallenged position of the first
soldier in the Union. His late campaign
had shown a well planned strategy, tri-
umphing over great natural difficulties and
elaborate defenses by the bold execution of
his march upon the enemy's rear, and his
after patient watching. His next was to
prove him the ready General, who, at close
distance, can search out the weak points of
his enemy's position, and use his own force
with tactical dexterity to pierce them. A
period of enforced retirement from a severe
accident passed by and found him restored
to duty at a most critical juncture of the
war.

Again, of Grant's campaign at Chattanooga
he says:

The next six weeks of the campaign of
Chattanooga are, however, of more interest
by far than our readers would perhaps ac-
knowledge on their present information.
We would say, therefore, that the surprise
of the river passage near Bragg's center by
Smith, and the maneuvering by which the
Confederate lines were forced by Grant a
month later at the battle of Chattanooga,
are as tactical achievements, far fitter to be
classed with the best feats of Napoleon and
Wellington than any advantages won by
any European General since the days of
those giants of war. We assert this with-
out fear of any contradiction from those
who examine the subject with care and
give their verdict with candor. They will
find in the well-prepared, and thoroughly-
executed details of these affairs none of the
blind, uncertain striking which won the Al-
ma and Magenta.

Evils of Gossip.

I have known a country society which
withered away all to nothing under the dry
rot of gossip only. Friendship once as firm
as granite dissolved to jelly, and then run
away to water, only because of this; love
that promised a future as enduring as heav-
en and as stable as truth, evaporated into
a morning mist that turned to a day's long
tears, only because of this; a father and a
son were set foot to foot with the fiery
breath of an anger that would never cool
again between them, only because of this; and
a husband and his young wife, each strain-
ing at the hated leash which in the be-
ginning had been the golden bondage of a
God-blessed love, sat mournfully by the
side of the grave where all their joy lay
buried, and only because of this. I have seen
faith transformed to mean doubt, have given
place to grim despair, and charity take on
itself the features of black malevolence, all
because of the spell-words of scandal and
the magic mutterings of gossip. Great
crimes work great wrongs; and the deeper
tragedies of human life spring from its larg-
er passions; but woeeful and most melan-
choly are the uncalculated tragedies that
issue from gossip and detraction; most
mournful the shipwreck often made of no-
ble natures and lovely lives by the bitter
winds and dead salt water of slander. So
easy to say, yet so hard to disprove—throw-
ing on the innocent all the burden and
the strain of demonstrating their innocence,
and punishing them as guilty if unable to
pluck out the sting they never see and to
silence words they never hear—gossip and
slander are the deadliest and the cruellest
weapons man has forged for his brother's
hurt.—All the Year Round.

A SALUTARY THOUGHT.—When I was a
young man there lived in our neighborhood
a farmer, who was usually reported to be a
very liberal man, and uncommonly upright
in his dealings. When he had any of the
products of his farm to dispose of, he made
it an invariable rule to make good measure,
rather more than would be required of him.
One of his friends, observing him frequently
doing so, questioned him as to why he did
it; he told him he gave too much, and said
it would be to his disadvantage. Now, dear
reader, mark the answer of this good man:
"God has permitted me to see one journey
through the world, and when I am gone I
cannot rectify mistakes." Think of this!
There is but one journey through life.

A GREEK poet implies that the height
of bliss is the sudden relief from pain;
there is a nobler bliss still—the rapture
of the conscience at the sudden relief
from a guilty thought.